may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were
justly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my state,
my derivation was from ancestors who stood equivolent with
mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to
the world and aukward casualties, bound me in servitude, I
will desist, but there is something glowes upon my cheeke, and
whispers in mine eare, Goe not till he speake,

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equall mine;
was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I said, My Lord, if you did know my parentage, you
would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, y'are
like some-thing that, what Countrey-woman heare of these
shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought
forth, and am no other than I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my dea-
rest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might
have beene: my Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch,
as wand-like strait, as silver voyc'st, her eyes as jewell-like, and
cast as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who starves the eares she
feedes, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech;
where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger, from the decke you may
discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you these en-
dowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seeme like lies dis-
daind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsenesse cannot come from thee, for
thou lookest modest as justice, and thou seemst a *Pallas* for the
crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeve thee, and make my sen-
ces credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou
lookst like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Didst
thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I
perceiud thee that thou cam'st from good discent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou saidst thou hadst
beene tost from wrong to injury, and that thou thoughts thy
griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more, but what my
thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story, if thine considered prove the thousand
part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have suffered like a
gyrle, yet thou dost looke like patience, gazing on Kings graves,
and smiling extremity out of act, what were thy friends? how
lost thou thy name, my most kinde virgin? recount I do beseech
thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced god sent
hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good sir, or here ile cease.

Per. Nay ile be patient, thou little knowst how thou doest
startle me, to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had some power,
my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would beleeve me, but not to be a trou-
ble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Have you a working pulse, and are no Fairy?
Motion well speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina*?

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughrer of a King, who died the
minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lychorida* hath oft deli-
vered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, wel, where were you bred?
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your story, and never in-
terrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeve me twere best I did give ore.

Per.

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